

## THE BLOB

was always trying to convince himself that he'd been left on the doorstep by fleeing Spanish aristocracy.

But facts were facts: he got nowhere with real girls who always fled into the protection of letter sweaters. Sure he could go out with one of the Slime People or the daughter of the Giant Sebaceous Gland, but they were worse than his fiancé who was at least one of his own kind.

Wouldn't he ever score with anything that walked on two legs and wore panties? That was the real reason he'd asked for his engagement ring back; he couldn't imagine spending the rest of his life with another Blob.

But that was also the reason her mother had called his father and that was why Dad was streaming under the door this instant shouting about the announcements that had already been sent out and the ooze that was coming from as far away as California. He was not going to ruin everything just because of a slight case of cold pseudopods.

Maybe his father was right. And if panties were that important maybe he could get her a great big pair. The fact is that two of them could suck up those Mercurys better than one, and if it was fun to horrify an isolated desert town by yourself, it'd be twice as much fun with somebody else.

The Blob left with his mollified father, abandoning his old life: the USC pennant, the stiff pages of Playboy, and the model planes that hung from the ceiling. Real ones would come at him as he advanced on L.A. if the marriage worked and he actually made something out of himself.